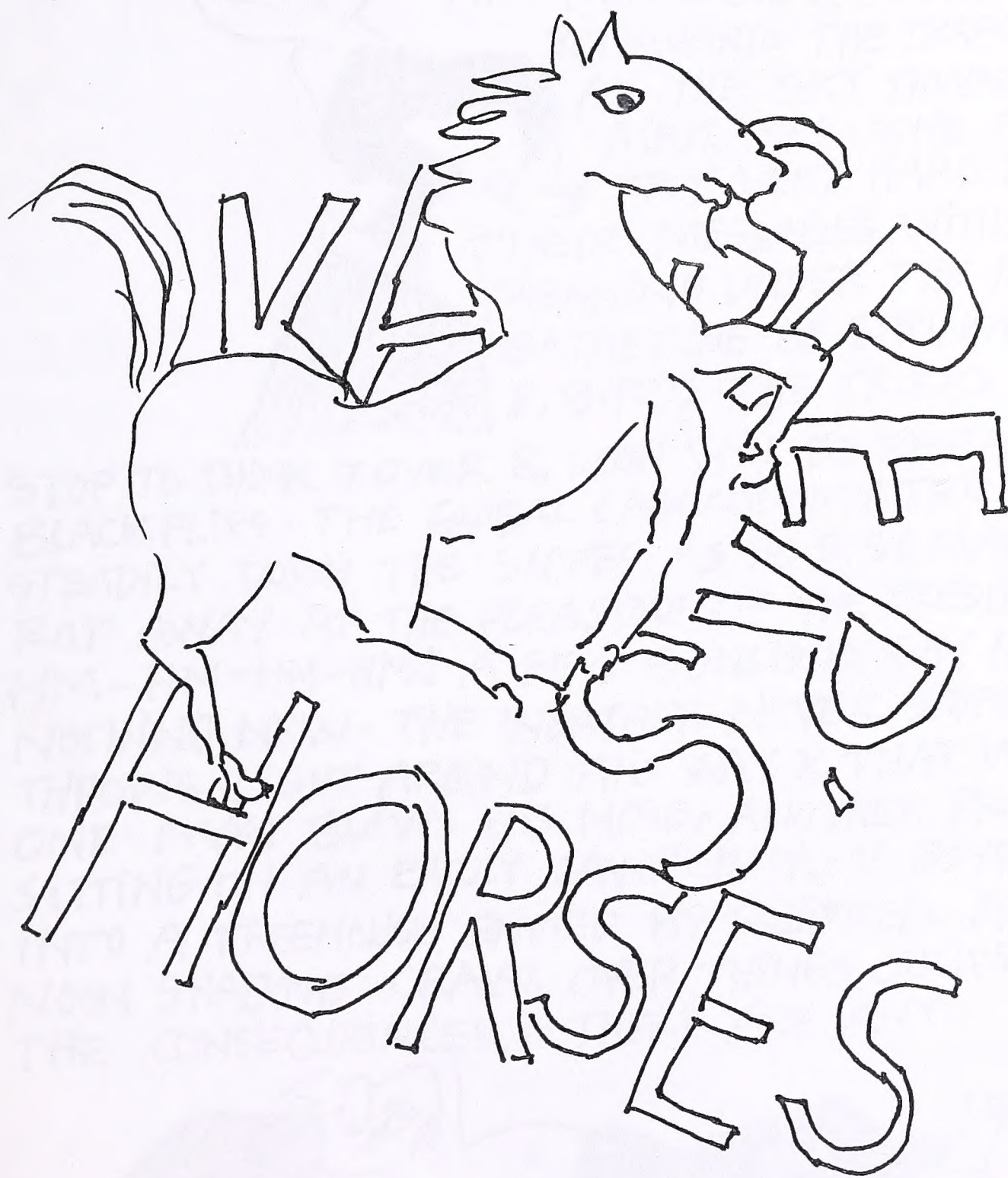


BREAD & PUPPET
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KASPER 23





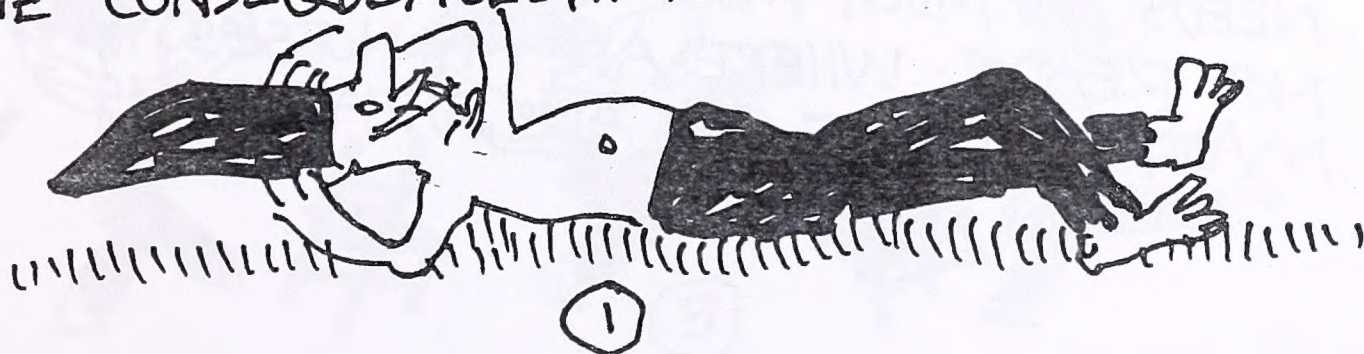
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OVERWHELMING AMOUNTS OF
ARBITRARY LANDSCAPE, THE KIND
THAT MIXES UPS & DOWNS EASILY
& THWARTS THE TRAFFIC JUST
AS THE SKY THWARTS ITS
AIRPLANES. THE TRUCKS
TRY VERY HARD TO ROAR
THEIR MESSAGES WITHOUT
MEANING UNDER THE NOISY
GATHERING OF SPRINGWINDS
& BIRDS. THE TRUCKS SELDOM

STOP TO THINK IT OVER & SOON WILL BE REPLACED BY
BLACKFLIES. THE GLOBAL CARECONOMY TRICKLES
STEADILY DOWN THE SLOPES AS SO & SO MANY
ROT AWAY AT THE PLEASURE OF THE PRESIDENT.
HM-HM-HM-HM! A FEW GUNSHOTS SAY HI-
NOTHING NEW. THE WEATHER NEVER STOPS &
THROWS LIGHT AROUND THIS WAY & THAT WAY.
ONE MAN BLOWS HIS NOSE, ANOTHER PRACTISES
SITTING ON AN EARLY LAWNCHAIR. 2 BOYS CLIMB
INTO A TREEHOUSE ENVIED BY SQUIRRELS. AFTER-
NOON SHADOWS CRAWL OVER THINGS OBLIVIOUS TO
THE CONSEQUENCES, IF THERE ARE ANY.



THE CAT'S MOUSING ISN'T GOING ANYWHERE.
QUITE A LISTENER SHE IS THOUGH. I'M NOT A
MOUSE, LUCKY ME, BUT NOT MUCH MORE EITHER.
THEY CALL IT A HIGHER FORM OF MOUSE, BUT THE
HIGH ISN'T VERY HIGH NOR DOES IT MAKE A
DIFFERENCE. WHATEVER LIFE I HAVE IS RELATED
TO BOTH CAT & MOUSE & ALSO TO THE TENSION
BETWEEN THE TWO.



IS IT WEDNESDAY? SOMEBODY ALWAYS
STEALS DAYS AROUND HERE OR IS IT
THE SAME ONE WHO STEALS YEARS?
THE SKY IS HERE. WHAT AM I GOING
TO DO WITH THIS MUCH SKY? HOW
CAN I STAND IT?



MAY BE
I COOK A SOUP



HE WHO SOUPS
LONG
LIVES LONG

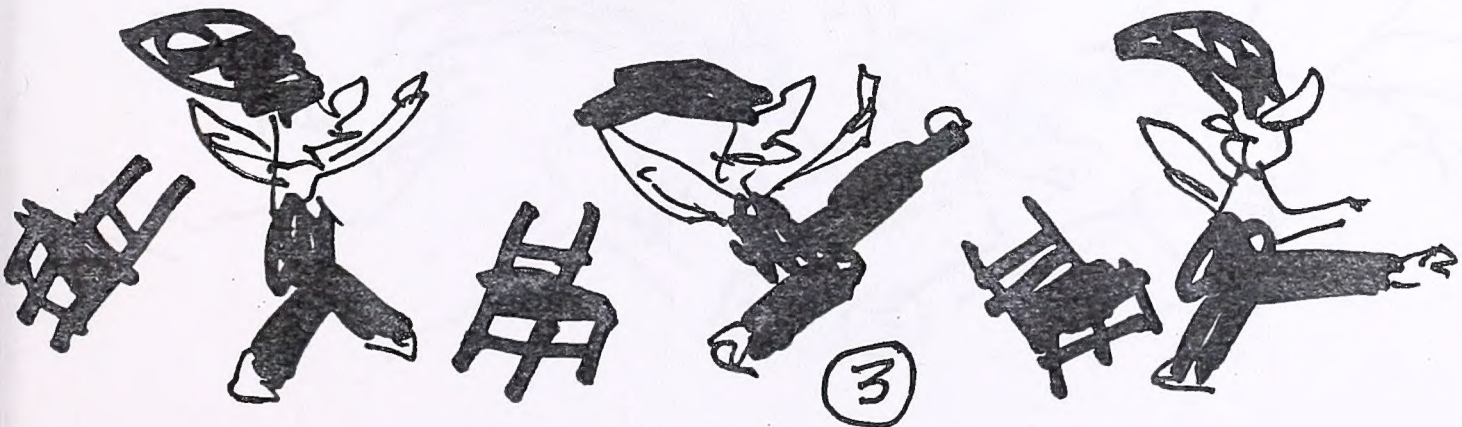
BUT A SOUP IS JUST A SOUP & THE SKY
NEEDS SO MUCH MORE. & THE HORSES ARE
NOT READY. WHERE ARE MY HORSES? MANY
MANY MILES OF SKY ARE AHEAD OF US

(2)

& I DEPLORE THE ABSENCE OF THE HORSES.



BUT I HAVE NOT STARTED EVEN ON THE ADEQUATE PREPARATIONS OF THE PLANNING FOR THE COMPETENT THINKING ABOUT THE SUBJECT MATTER OF MY HORSES! THOSE WHOM YOU BRIDLE IN GREAT URGENCY



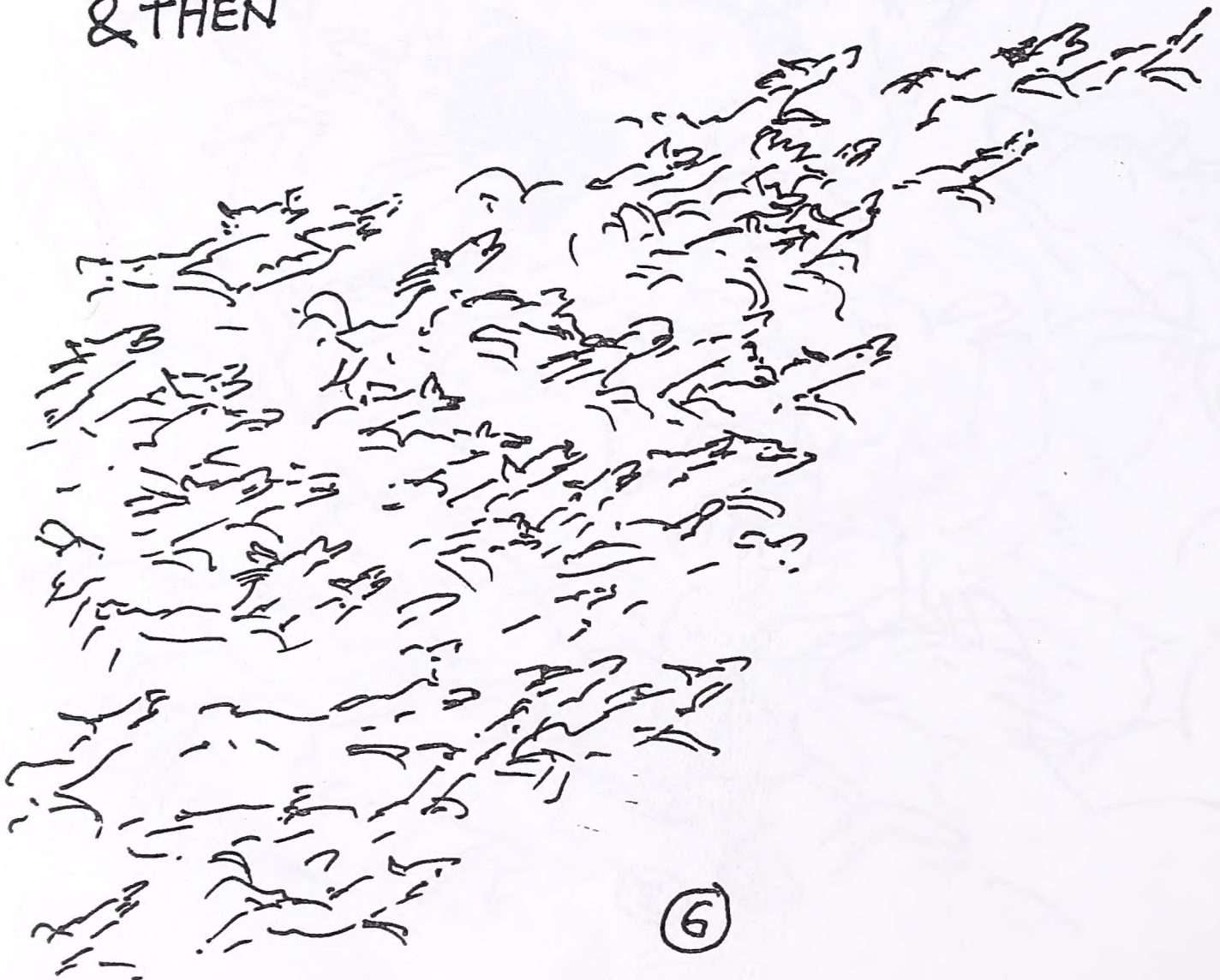
& DRIVE THEM THROUGH THE VAST GOVERN-
MENTAL VOID AS IF IT WASN'T THERE & RACE
THEM OVER THE HEADS OF CITIES AS IF THEY
WEREN'T THERE & NEVER STOP THEM, AS THEY
LAY WASTE TO THE PITIFUL LAND & BURN IT
WITH THEIR HOOVES.



THE VALLEY-BUSINESSMAKERS OF THE VALLEYS
& THE MOUNTAINTOP REMOVERS OF THE MOUNTAINS
& THE NON-POSSIBILITARIANS IN THE INDUSTRIAL
PARADISES CRUMBLE & THE VILLAGES TURN RED
& SPARKLE WITH FIREWORKS AS THE HORSES
GALLOP THROUGH THEIR DOORS & THE WINDOWS
OPEN WITH HUGE BIRDS JOINING A SQUADRON
OF BLACKBIRDS IN THE BLACK CLOUDS OF THE
THUNDERSTORM SKY.



& MANY BRASSBANDS WITH WILD TROMBONISTS
STAGGER OVER THE EARLY FIELDS & THE FIELDS
THOUGH NOT GREEN YET, ARE JOLLIER THAN YOU
HAVE EVER SEEN THEM & THERE IS NOBODY
LEFT ANYWHERE, BECAUSE THEY ARE ALL RUNNING
RUNNING & RUNNING WITH THE HORSES & THEY
ARE NOT WILLING TO STOP BECAUSE NOTHING
STOPS & EVEN THE NOTHING THAT STOPS DOESN'T
STOP & THE RUNNING RUNS & THE ENDLESS RUNNING
RUNS ENDLESSLY & FALLS & GETS UP & THEN IT
YELLS LIKE A SINGLE KID & LIKE A DOZEN KIDS
& THEN

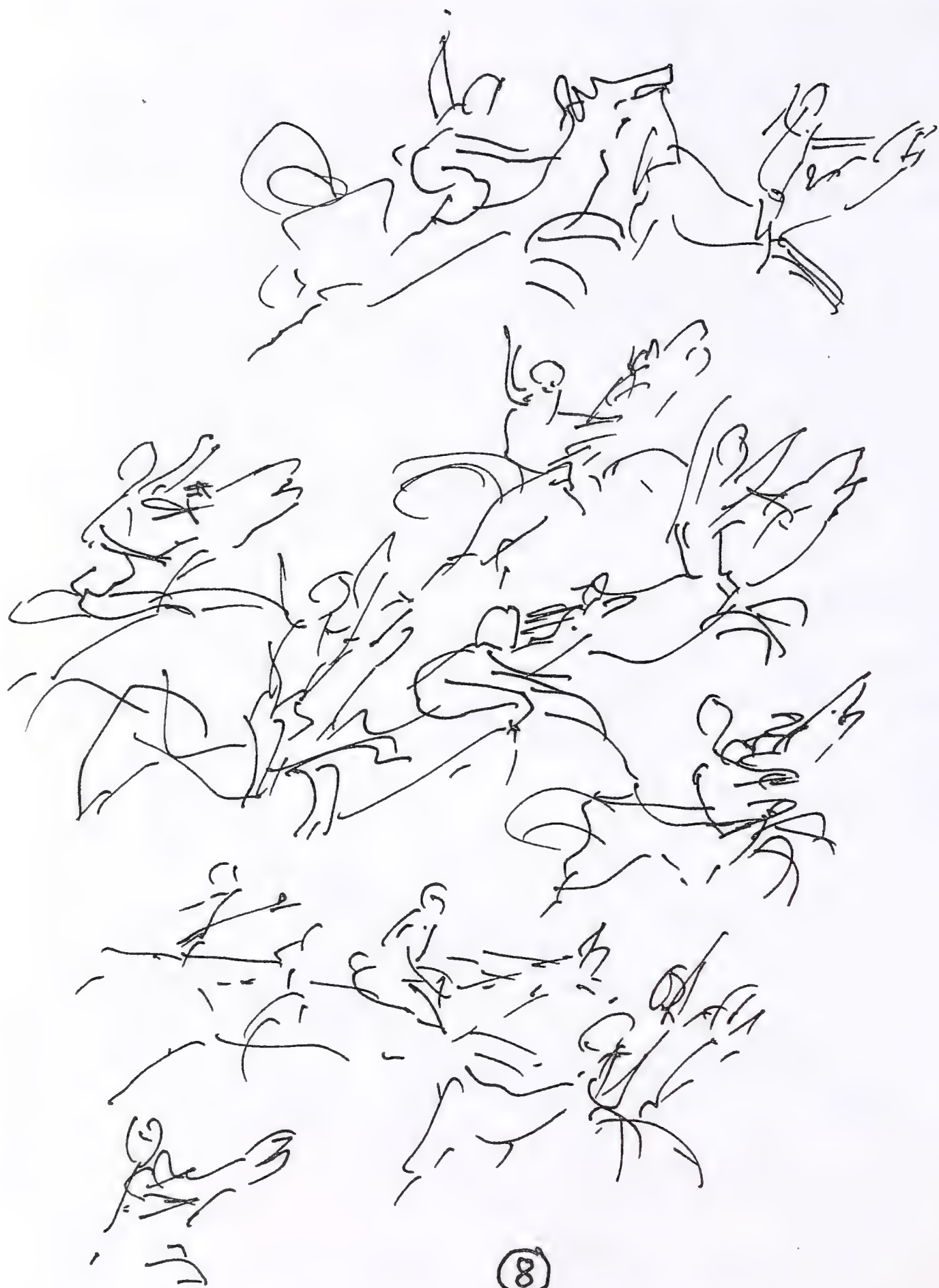


TAKES A FEW LEAPS & THEN DROWNS & RUNS IN THE RUNNING.

& ALL THE MANY YEARS OF STUDIED STORMS ARE NOW STORMS THEMSELVES & THEY CAN'T NOT BE STORMS ANY LONGER & THIS IS THE TIME WHEN THE STORMS TAKE OVER ALL THAT WAS NOT A STORM.

BLUE SAILBOATS APPEAR IN THE MEADOWS. STORM SINGERS SING NOTHING BUT STORM. SERIOUS CONGREGATIONS SWIRL IN UNISON. HERDS OF WHITE DEER PROCEED FROM THE PINEFORESTS. MARCHES MARCH BRIGHT LIKE SUNLIGHT. THE FALLERS FALL & GET UP, THE STUMBLERS STUMBLE ON, THE CRAWLERS CRAWL & THE LAME INCH THEIR WAY FORWARD AT INCREDIBLE SPEED. THE RIVERS FLOW LIKE THE MASSES OF MOVERS, NOTHING STOPS THEM, NOTHING WANTS TO, THE THINGS ARE NOT STILL ANY LONGER, THE MOVERS MOVE ALL THAT MOVES.











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